

LETTERS OF
LOVE *and*
LABOR



SAMUEL M. JONES

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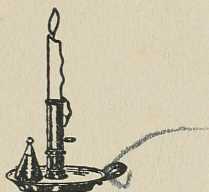
LETTERS OF
LOVE AND LABOR

VOL. II

LETTERS OF LOVE AND LABOR

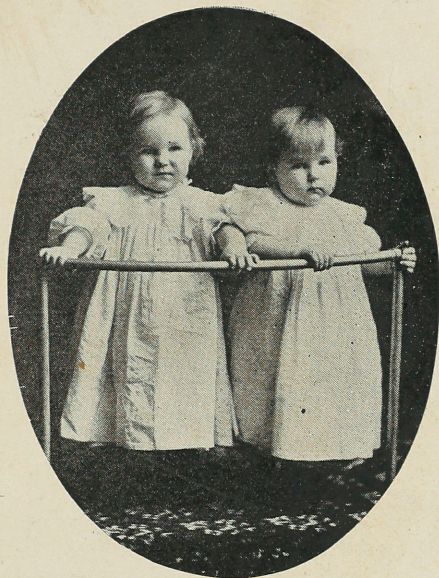
BY SAMUEL M. JONES

A SERIES OF WEEKLY LETTERS AD-
DRESSED AND DELIVERED TO THE
WORKING-MEN OF THE ACME SUCKER
ROD COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO, DUR-
ING THE SUMMER AND FALL OF 1901.



1901 :
THE FRANKLIN PRINTING & ENGRAVING CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO





OUR TWINS AT TWO YEARS

"EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN
YOU SHALL IN NO WISE ENTER INTO THE KING-
DOM OF HEAVEN" (HARMONY).

"I CALL TO THE WORLD TO DIS-
TRUST THE ACCOUNTS OF MY
FRIENDS, BUT LISTEN TO MY ENE-
MIES, AS I MYSELF DO,
I CHARGE YOU FOREVER TO REJECT
THEM THAT EXPOUND ME, FOR I
CANNOT EXPOUND MYSELF,
I CHARGE THAT THERE BE NO
SCHOOL OR THEORY FOUNDED
OUT OF ME,
I CHARGE YOU TO LEAVE ALL FREE
AS I HAVE LEFT ALL FREE."

WALT WHITMAN.

INTRODUCTION.



This little book is the second volume of a series of letters written to the working-men of The Acme Sucker Rod Company. They were printed on the neostyle and delivered to the men with their pay-envelopes. It should be borne in mind that the letters are written by a plain man to plain people. The literary critics can, no doubt, find much that is not up to the highest standard in the selection of words, framing of sentences, etc. This may be partly due to the fact that, first, my desire has been to state simply and plainly what I had to say; and, second, it may be due to the fact that I never studied a grammar, having only spent

about thirty months in a school, my education, so far as I have gone with it, having been obtained in the University of Experience where I am a more earnest student than ever before, and where I expect to be a student through all time. I cannot find words to tell what a beautiful thing it is to me to have learned in this university that I am a part of the human whole, a brother to all humanity. I have within my own consciousness the promise of far richer experiences yet to come, for I have learned that the way to find wisdom is to "dig for it as for hid treasure."

Samuel M. Jones

Toledo, O., December 25, 1901.

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LETTERS OF LOVE AND LABOR



LETTER NO. I.

TRADE UNIONISM.

Whether we will or no—we are united.

“He hath made of one blood all nations that do
dwell in the earth.”

—BIBLE.

DEAR FRIENDS:

WHEN I started to write this series of letters last year, I had no thought of publishing them; on looking them over toward the close of the year, it occurred to me that they were written in good temper and might be a help to the

cause of fellowship, and that led to their publication. There have been so many kind words indorsing the letters that I have decided to continue the study this year from time to time as I have opportunity.

On August 28, 1900, I had occasion to write a letter to Waddick Mallory as committeeman representing a movement to organize the "unorganized men" in the A. S. R. shops into one single union. My attitude on the general question is now the same as then, and I insert here a copy of that letter:

"Regarding the questions that you asked this morning, I think it best that I should send you this letter so that there may be no misunderstanding of my position. I think all of you men in The Acme Sucker Rod Works know that I have favored trade unionism because of the good, the education, that has come to the working-men through trade unions. You also know

that I am for something more and far beyond trade unionism ; that is, I am for Equality, Brotherhood, for all. I want a condition in which there will be no war nor need of war measures. The very fact that trade unions exist proves that we are living in a state of daily warfare. If we were living brotherly, honest lives, there would be no need for trade unions. But I have said and now repeat that I believe trade unions have done more to educate the working-men into a knowledge of the real purpose of government, the meaning of liberty and justice, than any other organization that we have ; and when I say that I favor them, it does not necessarily commit me to all their methods nor to any evil that may be connected with them. I have always told you that I want nothing so much as I want men to be free, to own themselves. By working together for educational purposes in clubs or

unions, you can be much more effective than individually, especially so long as your club or union does not interfere with your individual liberty.

“Now, as to The Acme Sucker Rod Company. We have never asked a man whether he was union or non-union. Of course, we would prefer to have all of our men interested in their fellow-men to the extent of co-operating through organization for the good of all. That is the reason we helped along the Co-operative Benefit Society, and the reason we have done many other things. We feel the same way about the union or any club that is organized for the benefit of all; we should like to have all join it. I have freely said in regard to the co-operative insurance that I thought that a man who was unwilling to co-operate ought to resign and leave The Acme Sucker Rod Company. I am perfectly free to say that we do not want any one

to stay around us who is there simply and solely for himself.

“We care nothing about the union label for the mere pecuniary advantage that it would give us. We intend to keep such conditions as will make The Acme Sucker Rod label equivalent to any union label as a guarantee of fair wages and conditions. At the same time, we shall be glad to use the union label just as soon as the few men who are now hanging back will co-operate with the rest to the end that we may all work together for the same object.”

Time and more mature thought have served to strengthen my convictions of the truth set forth in this letter. That the trade union movement has been a step in the direction of progress, there can be no doubt ; that it will go forward to higher and better things and be an important factor in bringing about liberty, equality and fraternity is equally certain.

The next great movement in industry is to be co-operation in the field of distribution. The workers are to learn to co-operate, to work together for the good of all. How can the lesson be learned? In one way only—by practice. The Golden Rule Band that you have recently organized and that is making such encouraging progress in the art of music, could never learn to produce the first notes of either melody or harmony except by practice. The band might be supplied with the most perfect instruments that can be had, and have at hand the best written and printed music of the best composers of the present or past; it might have the most perfect “organization,” but without the development that can only come from faithful and persistent practice, it could never produce music or harmony. The band is practicing the lesson of co-operation to produce music, and with faithful devotion to

the first principles they are now learning, we know that they will, in due time, produce the harmonious result that will in itself be a recompense for all the weary hours that have been devoted to practice ; and, in addition, they will have the satisfaction of contributing to the happiness of those who may in the future hear their music, and in that way share in the work they have done.

Now, this lesson applies in every detail to the business of learning to live a co-operative life. The trade union movement is the first step that working-men and working-women are now taking in the art of co-operation that by and by will produce results in the field of industry more glorious than the harmony of the divinest music that our ears have ever listened to. But only those who are willing to practice and make sacrifices

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for the good of all can be useful members of the band.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., March 9, 1900.

LETTER NO. 2.

WHAT IS LIBERTY?

"I believe that as we have now partly achieved LIBERTY, so we shall one day achieve EQUALITY, which, and which only, means FRATERNITY."

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

DEAR FRIENDS :

Most of us have our own individual opinion or theory about liberty, and it is pretty generally charged against me that I am in favor of too much liberty. It is argued that there are certain men who are not fit for liberty. "They do not know enough to govern themselves," I am told, and they must be restrained by those who know more; they must be kept in check, and the folks who call themselves "the best people" usually assert that this is especially true of "working-men;" they speak and write of them as

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though they were a different class of beings from the people who do not work, and so they sometimes refer to them as the "lower classes," while they always speak of themselves as the "better classes."

Now, I do not accept the class theory at all. I believe we are all people—just people—made of the same common kind of clay, inspired very largely by the same hopes, the same longings and having a common destiny; and my observation leads me to the conclusion that there is a larger percentage of failures, more wasted lives, among the people who do not work, who live in idleness upon the fruit of the toil of others, than there is among the people who work and of whom it is said that they do not know enough to govern themselves.

Holding these beliefs, one can easily see that the idea of governing by force another man, whom I believe to

be my equal in the sight of God, is repugnant to me. I do not want to do it. I cannot do it. I do not want any one to govern me by any kind of force. I am a reasoning being, and I only need to be shown what is best for me when I will take that course or do that thing, simply because it is best, and so will you. I do not believe that a soul was ever forced toward anything except toward ruin.

Now, I am frequently brought face to face with a practical application of these theories to every-day life, both in the direction of the affairs of The Acme Sucker Rod Co. and in the larger field of the affairs of the city, and believing that liberty is a social question, one in which we are all interested, not a mere individual matter, it seems wise that we should all attempt to find an answer to our question, What Is Liberty?

First, then, as to the smaller field.

Ever since this business has been established (now about seven years) it has been our aim to enlarge the liberty of every man connected with it, because we believe that a man is a larger, wiser and better man when he governs himself than he can possibly be when somebody else governs him by force. But we are now, and have been from the first, continually made the subject of perplexing complaint. Scarcely a week ever passes but there is complaint that some man who is having steady work and regular pay does not or will not pay his bills ; and again and again some men employed here have been made the subject of garnishee, which always adds cost to the debt which they finally have to pay. Furthermore, it is because of this sort of thing that the expensive machinery of courts and lawyers, etc., must be kept up.

Then there have been complaints—a

great many—about a few men of The Acme Sucker Rod Company “drinking to excess;” and I have often been asked why we employ men who waste their earnings in debauching their bodies and degrading their souls through drunkenness and licentiousness, when we might so easily dismiss them and fill their places with sober men. To answer this question so as to make the reason plain to all is not an easy matter. Certainly, if we were carrying this work on for a purely selfish reason, it would be a very short-sighted policy that we are pursuing; it is not the policy that is pursued by the Lake Shore Railroad or by any of the large corporations. There the force, the boss idea prevails; the “Book of Rules” is the law, and the man who violates it, pays the penalty imposed.

We do not believe this is the best way to make men. We believe that

the man who remains sober simply and solely because he is afraid he will lose his job if he gets drunk, is a drunkard at heart all the same. We believe that the man who pays his bills only because he is afraid that he will be "fired" if he does not do so, is a dishonest thief at heart just the same. We do not believe that either one of these men can ever know what truth and happiness are until he shall step up on to a higher plane of liberty, where he will do right because it is right and in order that he may enjoy the recompense that comes from the consciousness of being right.

An insane man was once seen with a lighted lantern in one hand and a pail of water in the other ; asked what he was going to do he said : "With this water I am going to quench the fires of hell, and with this fire I will burn up heaven ; then we shall see who will be good for the sake of goodness."

There is no higher recompense for doing right, than the consciousness of having done right, of having been true to the Higher Self ; there can be no greater punishment for wrong-doing than the consciousness that you have done wrong, that you have trifled with your own soul.

I expect to continue the study of this subject in the hope that we may mutually help each other to a higher plane of living.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., June 15, 1901.

LETTER NO. 3.

LIBERTY THE RESULT OF FAITH
IN OUR FELLOWS.

“There is a way which guides all the world to liberty, there is a course which directs all humanity to justice, and there is a plan of life which steers all mankind to salvation, but there is no real liberty till all are free, and there is no pure justice till justice guards the right of all, and there is no true salvation till all are saved.”

—RICHARD W. BOEDDINGHAUS.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I am surprised at the distrust and suspicion with which men regard each other. A man said in regard to my last letter about liberty that “if it were not for the fear of punishment every money-box in Toledo would be looted before to-morrow morning.” Now, let me say I do not believe this is true. I have more faith in my fellow-men than to believe they are honest only

because they fear punishment "at the hands of the law." I believe that even now, to-day, the great mass of men and women are honest, true, and good because they love truth, goodness, and honesty rather than because of any fear they have of any hell here or hereafter. They have learned by experience that there is no higher recompense that can come to the soul than the consciousness of having done right, of being true to itself; and, on the other hand, they know that there is no greater punishment that can be visited upon one than the reproach that comes from the knowledge of having done a mean thing, of being wrong.

No one can ever pay you for doing right. You get your pay the minute the act is done, in the very act of doing it. In the same way, punishment comes with doing a mean, cowardly or unworthy act.

This brings us again to the question

of liberty. How can it be said that a man is a free man so long as some other man must govern or rule him by force? No man who must be governed by another man understands what liberty is. Therefore, the man who must be governed, who cannot rule himself, must be something less than a man. Thus it will be seen that we can never have what is called self-government until each soul learns the art of governing itself.

We do not wish to exercise any sort of brute force over the men who do the work in the shop of The Acme Sucker Rod Company. We believe in liberty, not for the few, but for all. Liberty for the few is not liberty. Liberty for me and slavery for you means slavery for both.

EQUALITY

is a foundation fact. God has decreed it. "He hath made of one blood all nations." No man was ever born with a saddle on his back for another to ride, and no one was ever born with spurs on his heels to fit him to ride another. We are all created in the divine image, and it is our mission and privilege to stand erect as full equals; therefore, let no man of us be a slave, and let no man of us call himself master of others; rather let us all strive for the mastery over self, for when self is conquered, there are no more victories to be won; then we may worthily bear the name of Master in the highest sense.

In that day there'll be no master,
No man then will serve as slave;
All mankind a band of brothers;
Friends the name that all will have.

LARGER LIBERTY.

Larger liberty and more of privilege is the manifest destiny of the race. Much as there is of misery, want and woe around us to-day, bad as are social and economic conditions, they are infinitely better than they were five hundred years ago ; but they are yet so distressing in many particulars as to make it a shame and disgrace to call ourselves civilized. It is my belief, however, that because we are so much better than we were, we shall be much better than we are, and it is our desire to use the privileges that we enjoy with respect to this business simply and solely for enlarging the liberties of men, for in no other way do we believe that men can be made better. And we now repeat the invitation of last year to all to whom these letters may come ; if you know of any way or any plan by which the liber-

ties of *all the men* employed in this shop may be enlarged, by which the conditions may be improved, we hope that you will kindly communicate this knowledge to us. As we said a year ago, you may feel perfectly free to write anonymously if you have any suggestions to which you do not care to put your name. Give us the benefit of any thought you may have; make any criticism that you want; suggest any better way of doing. Let us study these questions together, for only as we work together can we hope to make any progress.

The Week's Vacation with Pay that has been the custom in this shop for some years will be continued this year, and will be extended to all who have been in the employ of the company for six months prior to June 1st. As heretofore, you are required to arrange in advance for the time of your vacation with the manager so

that too many be not out of work at
one time.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., June 29, 1901.

LETTER NO. 4.

PATRIOTISM.

"I love my family more than myself, my village more than my family, my country more than my village, and mankind more than my country."

—LAMENNAIS.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Our annual national celebration has come and gone. I hope that we are all better for it. I believe that I am. During the day I visited five picnics, played with the children, hobnobbed with the old people, and scattered myself among them a little more promiscuously than ever before, and in this way made myself (and I hope some others) understand more fully that each one is a part of this great national whole.

Love of country is a good thing, but love of all mankind is a bigger and

broader thing than the love of country; but we can only go step by step, and as we think about these things, we very soon come to see that if we believe in liberty, then we must believe in it everywhere on the globe. We must make common cause with all humanity. The cause of the working-man will never be safe until the cause of all men is safe. We have never made any gain by building high walls of tariff or anything else around our country. In one sense I am in favor of expansion. I am in favor of letting all the peoples of the earth come in and share everything good that we have, be a part of us; in short, I am in favor of the United States of the world, but I would not force any people to become a part of us against their will; I would fling the gates wide open and invite the oppressed of all the earth to come here and share and enlarge our liberty.

THE BETTER WAY TO CELEBRATE.

I am glad to see that we are learning that there is a better way to celebrate than by making noise and using dangerous explosives that kill people and destroy property. Isn't it a sad thing to think that every Fourth of July in this great nation we sacrifice the lives of a great many people with this sort of barbarism? Arms and legs are blown off, eyes are torn out, and the precious blood of human beings spilled to satisfy this savage instinct that yet lingers in us, and there is no way to stop it except through the growth of intelligence and reason. The making of noise and burning of explosives is not an American idea, as many of us ignorantly imagine; it is a Chinese idea, and we are really imitating the Chinaman with all of this foolish demonstration.

THE FRENCH FOURTH OF JULY.

The 14th of July is the French national fete-day. We were in Paris on this day in 1896, and we were greatly impressed by the wonderfully improved way the French have of celebrating as compared with our way. In the early morning, at sunrise, I heard the boom of cannon, but from that time until midnight our ears were not shocked and our nerves shattered by a single sound of explosion, not even by a fire-cracker or torpedo. Yet this great city was filled with hundreds of thousands of people in holiday attire; the music of hundreds of bands filled the air; troops of children were singing in the streets; there were parades of all sorts of civic societies; a parade of 30,000 troops in the Bois de Boulogne, and in the evening the streets of the city were as light as day with one of the most beautiful illumi-

nations that could be imagined; then, again, at very many of the street intersections, under the electric light, there was dancing on the smooth asphalt pavement; the orchestra was conveniently stationed, the music started up and away they tripped in the merry two-step, or the waltz, or the schottische. The French drink wine freely, and beer, for the matter of that; along the cafes on the street thousands upon thousands were sitting around little tables drinking wine and beer, yet we hardly saw a drunken man amidst all these thousands of people, and we went to bed at midnight after enjoying the day most heartily, with the sincere wish and prayer that we, as Americans, may one day learn to celebrate our national holiday as reasonably as the French do. But, of course, if we have liberty, each one must be free to celebrate in his or her way; that is why we cannot force people to

celebrate in our way, but we can all learn to celebrate it in a human way.

AN EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATION.

The opening of Golden Rule Dining Hall is an experiment in co-operation; the kitchen and equipment are furnished out of the profits. Miss Nell Jones, who lives in Golden Rule House, will co-operate with us in this matter, rendering what aid she can in the buying of the food and the directing of the kitchen. An account will be kept of all the meals eaten, and we will settle the bills pro rata. A rough estimate leads us to believe that good meals, such as are furnished, will not cost more than fifteen cents. We believe this will be a real saving in many ways. In the first place, it saves the housewife the annoyance of filling a dinner-pail every day, a puzzling operation when it must be done three hundred days in the year; next, there is a real

social advantage in sitting down together and breaking bread in company with your fellow-workmen. It gives us a better idea of equality, and it gives a little opportunity for social chat, for the telling of a story or the cracking of a joke, the springing of a laugh, all of which are an aid to good digestion. All these things will help us to understand a little better the great truth that all mankind are brothers of one common family.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., July 6, 1901.

LETTER 5.

A PICNIC LETTER.

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike nor gongs don't sound,
But where there's stillness all around.

* * * * *

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
For fields of green and skies of blue;
And, say, how does it seem to you?

—NIXON WATERMAN.

DEAR FRIENDS :

The crowd has decided by a three-fourths majority of all in the shop that we are to have our first picnic for this season at Walbridge Park next Saturday, July 13th. Inasmuch as we have the Saturday half-holiday regularly, we have concluded that there will be no deduction for time lost in attending this picnic; that is, you will get your

full week's pay just the same as though you worked.

To go to the picnic special Maumee Valley cars will leave the Water Works at 8.30 sharp and pick up along the way those who desire to go. The Golden Rule Band will board the first special at Broadway and Maumee Avenue at 8.35. The cars will make the round trip through Perrysburg and Maumee and land us at Walbridge Park at about 10.30. Car-tickets will be furnished for yourself and family. If you desire extra tickets for your friends they may be purchased at reduced rates on application at the office of The Acme Sucker Rod Company.

THE PURPOSE OF THE PICNIC.

The purpose of this picnic is to get all those who are directly interested in The Acme Sucker Rod Works, with their wives and children, and as many friends as possible, together for a little

holiday, for social intercourse, to give us an opportunity to get acquainted and for recreation. In this way the social conscience is awakened, and we are brought into a more perfect knowledge of our relation one to the other. We hope that every one will co-operate to the end that this day may be a red-letter day in our history. Our picnic at Monroe Piers last year was such a perfect success that we have thought it might be wise to have two picnics this year.

Now, let no one object to going to Walbridge Park because Walbridge Park is near by. There are thousands of people living within twenty miles of Niagara Falls who have never seen these, one of the greatest natural wonders of the world; so, I suppose, there are thousands of people living in Toledo who have never seen Walbridge Park, and, no doubt, some of them have made a pilgrimage to Niagara Falls and

many other places to satisfy their desire for sight-seeing. Let me say, after having traveled rather extensively in this country and in Europe, after having seen the Hudson and the Rhine and many other noted rivers and bits of charming scenery, I know of no spot that is a more perfect and beautiful combination of land and water, of hillside and plain, of farm and forest, of marsh and meadow; I feel safe in saying that I have never seen anything more inspiringly beautiful than the view one gets from looking upon our own old Maumee and its surroundings from Walbridge Park. Let us see to it that we do not belittle the things at home and nearest home. Our home should be the center of our affections. Let us make this beautiful home-park the center of our affections for this day.

The band will be out in full force.

Mr. Bargy and the little piano will be
on hand, and

We will sing and play
The livelong day.

Of course there will be base-ball,
swinging around the May poles, hob-
nobbing with the bears and other ani-
mals in the zoo, Slater will give us
some exhibitions in ventriloquism,
some of the children will help us out
with entertainment, and there will be
a general all-round good time.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., July 10, 1901.

LETTER NO. 6.

THE GOLDEN RULE DINNER.

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart:

In one case you get all there is—in *t'other*, only *part!*

* * * * *

And oncet a trav'lin' editor from Denver City wrote

A piece back to his paper puffin' Casey's tabble dote.

—EUGENE FIELD.

DEAR FRIENDS:

It seems to me that the opening of the Golden Rule Dining Hall is one of the best things that we have yet done, and I think the rest of you will agree to this proposition. You must know that I like it pretty well, for if I did not, I would not make a trip over to the shop every day on my bicycle for dinner when there are so many places where dinner can be had over in town. I think the most valuable feature of this dinner affair is the social feature. Under the dinner-pail plan, each fellow

will congregate by himself in some corner or out-of-the-way place in the shop and eat his morsel alone. Add to that the fact that the wife had to get up early in the morning to prepare his breakfast and then rack her brain to know what to put into the pail to make a savory dinner, and we can easily see that this dinner-pail is the source of a great deal of anxiety at each end of the route—at the home and at the shop. In the first place then, it is a great relief to the average overworked housewife to get rid of the daily perplexity that attends filling the pail. I make mention of this feature first, because I consider it the most important.

Next, it is a real advantage for any man to have the pleasure of sitting down to a well-cooked, wholesome meal of hot victuals. Right here let me digress to say that it may help some of our rich folks to understand what they call the “servant problem”

a little better, if they will, in imagination, put themselves in the servant's place for a little while. Let them in their minds prepare a good, savory, warm meal of well-cooked victuals and then wait in the kitchen while some one else in the most tedious manner eats the food that they have prepared, meantime reflecting that when the others are through with a nice dinner, toward which their hands have contributed nothing, then the servant or servants may come in and satisfy their waiting stomachs with cold victuals and the contemplation of their inferiority and meniality. I think if any one takes a serious view of this question, it will be easily seen why the "servant problem" is beset with difficulties. It is because of the denial of equality.

In addition to the healthfulness of a well-cooked, warm meal, as compared with cold victuals, there is also the

aid to digestion that comes from good fellowship and good cheer. The social value of sitting down together and breaking bread with our fellow-men helps to impress the lesson of our common need, our common origin and our common destiny. As the days go by, perhaps we shall find a little more time for the joke and story or maybe a song after the dinner is over, and the noonday hour in Golden Rule Hall may become of far greater value than some of the princely feasts that have been spread in the great banquet-halls of the world.

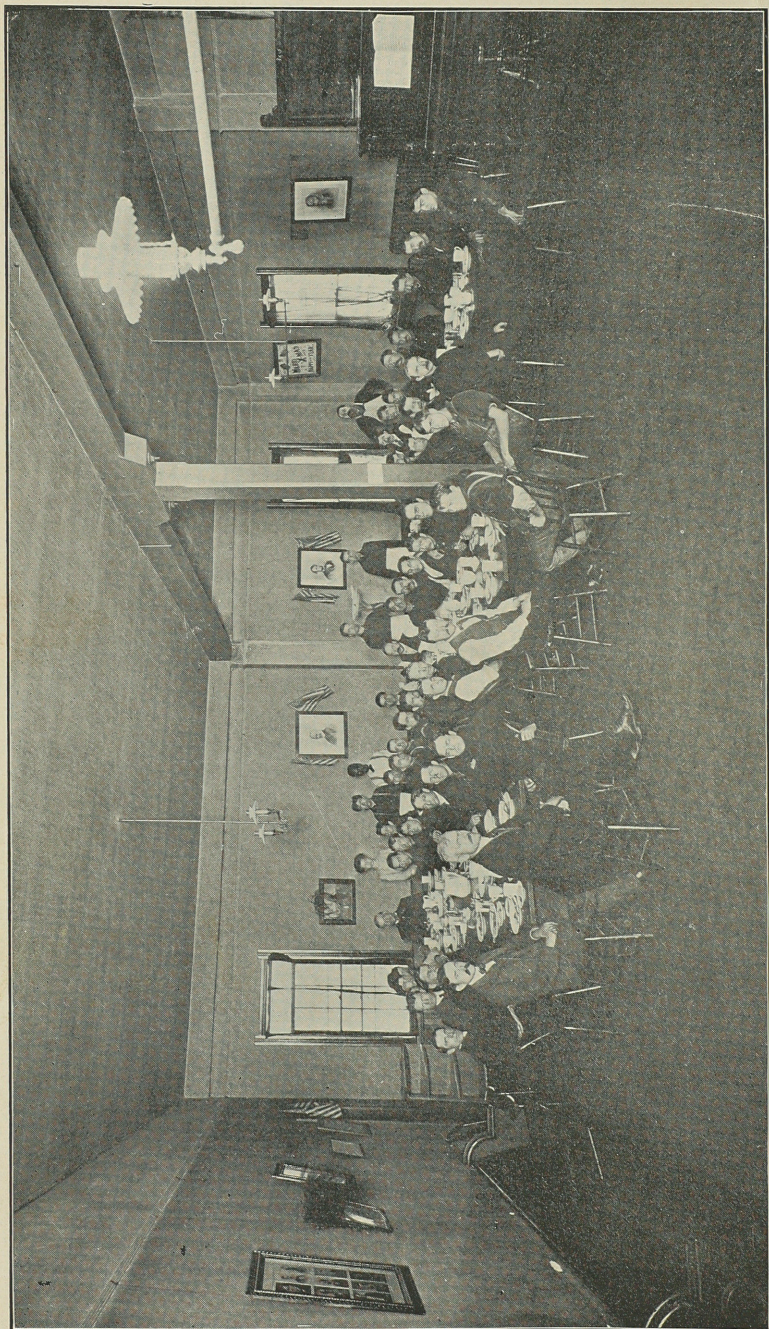
AS TO THE COST.

The dinner is designed to be an experiment in co-operation. No one is to make any profit; no one should stand any loss. When it was first talked of, it was believed a fair dinner should be provided for the sum of fifteen cents. Probably a fair dinner

can be, but a fine dinner, such as we have been having, will cost something more. Thus far the actual cost has been in the neighborhood of twenty cents for each meal served. Considering the quality and all the advantages that go with it (a few of which I have mentioned), the price is very low; but a meal can be served cheaper, if it is your desire. There is, however, but one place where the cost can be reduced, and that is the point that is always first to be squeezed when the question of reducing the cost comes up for consideration with almost every manufacturer—that place is the cost of labor. The only way that the price of the meals that are being served in Golden Rule Hall can be reduced is to squeeze down the price of the labor that produces them. No charge is made for fuel, nor for the use of the dishes or kitchen equipment; all that is paid out of the company fund.

Miss Ellen Jones has made no charge for the efficient help she has rendered as steward.

Why should not the cook and the helper be as well paid as those who work in the other parts of the shop at common labor? "Because the cook is a woman," you say. But we believe in "equal pay for equal work." "Because you can hire a cook cheaper," you reply. But I reply that many men in the Acme shops can be replaced at much less wages than they are receiving. The rule of hiring as cheaply as you can does not prevail in the shop, then why should it in the kitchen? I believe that it should not. To prepare a meal for fifty men and take care of the dishes afterward is a task that will keep two persons reasonably busy from 7 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon, and I do not believe that we can afford to squeeze the price of the



THE DINNER-PAIL NOW IDLY HANGS,
A RELIC ON THE WALL;
WE GATHER 'ROUND THE SOCIAL BOARD
IN GOLDEN RULE DINING-HALL.

labor that has thus far provided us with such excellent meals.

As we have started a co-operative dining-hall, let us carry it on on a high grade plan. For my part, I am willing to pay enough more than twenty cents, twenty-five or fifty cents, if necessary, and I know there are others who will share with me, and in that way we can take care of any deficit that may arise because of the few who may feel that they are not able to pay as much as twenty cents. Twenty cents for five meals means a dollar a week; fifteen cents means seventy-five cents a week; the difference is a quarter, the price of five glasses of beer or five cigars.

Let us have first-class meals and give everybody first-class pay.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., July 27, 1901.

LETTER NO. 7.

LABOR DAY AND ITS MEANING.

The wealth of the nation then, first, and its peace and well being besides, depend on the number of persons it can employ in making good and useful things.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

DEAR FRIENDS:

As I marched and countermarched with the rest of you last Monday in the Labor Day parade and looked into the happy, exultant faces of the thousands of my fellow-men who walked in the parade, on the one hand, and the many times greater number of my fellow-men and women who crowded the streets, thronged the balconies and filled the windows, my thoughts were busy with these questions: What is the meaning of all this? What great social changes are indicated by the fact that within a very few years a

new holiday has been added to our short list? Why do the thousands and the hundreds of thousands and millions of the nation turn out on this day, dressed in their best, their happy, exultant, beaming faces indicating the brightness of the hope that is within them? I could find but one answer. It is because of the awakening of the social conscience that is bringing us to understand that our true relation is that of brotherhood, and because of this growing consciousness of unity, of solidarity—because the world is realizing that no man or woman need be or can be “alone,” no matter what part of the globe we may be in—because of this somewhat unconscious realization of fellowship with every man and every woman on the planet, labor’s holiday has sprung into being to provide an opportunity for us to properly manifest our joy.

Labor Day is destined to become

our greatest holiday, greater even than the Fourth of July, possibly as great as Christmas. The Fourth of July celebrates an achievement—the triumph of a principle, it is true—but it was merely the triumph of one kind of government over another kind of government. Labor Day commemorates a greater event; it really celebrates the awakening of the American conscience to the true meaning of the New Birth.

Trade unionism laid the foundation-stones for the first celebration, but Labor Day has already outgrown trade unionism, because it represents a bigger and grander and holier idea than can be represented by any fraction of humanity. It indicates the disappearance of the purely animal man and the coming onto the stage of the spiritual, the divine man, the man who looks upon himself as being a part of every other man and woman, who under-

stands the deep significance of the motto adopted by the old Knights of Labor—"An injury to one is the concern of all"—and therefore understands that there cannot be salvation from the ills that vex the world for a few; that there cannot be, indeed, salvation for any except by the divine plan of providing salvation for all.

In celebrating Labor Day we dignify labor; we raise every man and woman who is a worker to the exalted position of a partnership with God, because every such one is contributing his or her mite to beautifying the world which He has given to mankind and making it fit to be the dwelling-place of a race of beings who have been called "the sons of God." You will better understand what I mean if I call your attention to the force that has brought into being the myriad forms of what we to-day call wealth. Do you know that a naked man and

natural opportunity have produced it all? God gave us the earth, and on it he placed a naked man and a naked woman, and from that original pair, through the instrumentalities of labor, through the co-operation, indeed, of man with God, the primitive world has been transformed from a place of mere opportunity into a world wherein we have all the materials at hand for putting an end to the reign of hate and murder and violence, and for the setting up of the real kingdom of harmony (heaven) and the inauguration of the Golden Rule as the supreme law that shall govern every relation in life.

Labor Day dignifies labor and shames idleness. On Labor Day, all who feel that they are workers are conscious of their right to share in this dignity, and there is a growing sense of shame attached to any sort of an idle life. Labor Day will emphasize this, and from this sort of education our facul-

ties will be quickened and we shall look upon idleness, upon the man and woman who lives an idle life, who consumes but does not produce, as the real criminals that they are; then idleness will be known as the crime that it is, and the idlers, whether rich or poor, will be the truly disreputable. The idea that labor is ignoble or low will soon be only a memory. It is one of the delusions of aristocracy, but it will not disappear until working-men and women do away with the nonsense of the *aristocracy of labor*; that is, the idea that one kind of labor is more honorable than another kind. All talk about "skilled" and "unskilled" labor must disappear before the growing spirit of Democracy that is helping us to understand our common origin and common destiny. "Six feet of earth makes us all of one size," as Brother Bargy so beautifully sings, and by and by we shall understand that

any kind of work that is necessary to the well-being of mankind is of equal importance and ought to have equal recompense. When working-people step onto this high plane, there will not be ground left for the aristocratic idler to stand on.

A HEROIC DEED.

A recent instance of heroism in every-day life indicates the growing power of the Golden Rule. A couple of months ago two negroes in Indianapolis were inside a steam-boiler cleaning it, when some one who was not aware that the men were inside, opened a cock and turned scalding hot steam from another boiler in on the men. The only way of escape was up a ladder through a manhole. Instantly both men jumped for the ladder; the man reaching it first had ascended two or three steps; a thought struck him and he stepped down; he

turned to his companion and said:
 "You go first, Jim, you are married."
 Jim was saved to his family and the
 other black-skinned hero was cooked
 to his death by the boiling steam.

GOD PITY THE IDLERS.

(DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD.)

God pity the idlers, the rich or the poor,
 No souls on the earth that need pity more,
 The dull, sluggish brain and the ice chilly heart,
 Of the world's stock of joy feel never a part,
 For joy comes of labor, of doing one's share
 To lighten the burden of all the world's care.

"Co-workers with God!" What a promise to men!
 What a mission! What glory's reserved for us then—
 When once we awake and our destiny see,
 E'en angels, I'm sure, might envious be.
 To the workers all hail, for the race they will save
 From the foul name of master, or idler, or slave.

Then hail to the workers, true kings of the earth,
 The builders of worlds, creators of mirth.
 Though they dig in the mine or delve in the soil,
 Their sleep is more sweet, 'tis the fruit of their toil.
 God pity the idlers, though rich or though poor,
 No souls on the earth that need pity more.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., September 7, 1901.

LETTER NO. 8.

THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT
MCKINLEY.

Thou shalt not kill.

—EXODUS xx:15.

DEAR FRIENDS:

A week ago last Friday, on September 6, the country was horrified with the news that flashed from one end of the continent to the other that the president had been shot at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The next day and the days after, horror gave way to hope for his recovery, which was encouraged by reports from the physicians until the following Friday, when, because of a sudden change for the worse, hope gave way to despair, and on Saturday, one week after the foul murderer had done his work, the

president died. Thursday next, September 19, is the day set apart for his funeral and by proclamation of the President, and the Governor of this State, all the people are asked to unite in this sad ceremony by holding memorial services in their respective towns and cities.

The citizens of Toledo have decided to hold one general public meeting in the grounds surrounding the court house at 2 o'clock. Public sympathy is so fully with this movement that it is believed all business—and all work, indeed, as far as possible—will be practically suspended for all or a part of that day. Desiring to co-operate with our fellow-citizens and at the same time pay our tribute of respect and love to the murdered president, The Acme Sucker Rod shops will close at 11.30, and all work-men who are present during the forenoon will be credited with a full day's work. This

will give all an opportunity to go to their homes and get ready to attend the memorial services with their families.

The lesson which this murder brings to us is so sad and so appalling that it ought not to go unheeded by us or by our children. Every citizen—every man and woman—who loves his kind, should take this awful calamity to heart and seriously ask, what can I do to avert a repetition of this terrible crime? Three times within thirty-six years this nation has been called upon to face the shame and bear the sorrow of having its chief executive murdered. All the monarchies of the old world have not suffered to the extent that we have in this particular, and yet these three presidents were among the best in their lot. Every one of them an exemplary, loving, gentle, sweet-spirited man, and every one of these murdered by a native-born American.

Truly, it is time that the nation stop to ask itself, what is the meaning of this terrible lesson?

For my part, I believe that it is no time to indulge in raillery and useless philippics. I have heard a clamor for more stringent immigration laws, but these murderers did not immigrate; they were born on our soil. Are we to overcome this evil by following in the footsteps of Russia, by making more stringent laws, and by setting up censorship of the press, and by forbidding free speech? It does not seem to me that this is the course that we ought to pursue. I believe that our only hope of safety, as individuals and as a nation, lies in the cultivation and development of a better citizenship through and through, lies in bringing about a state of affairs that will make all life sacred: then every life will be safe. The awful sorrow and shame into which the nation has been plunged

by this latest and greatest crime will not be in vain. Already it has served to cement us more closely together in the bonds of fellowship and brotherly love. To-day throughout the United States and the territories thereof there is no talk of cliques or clans, of Democrats or Republicans, of this party or that party. We are all non-partisan, and not only the United States, but the civilized world is *one* in this great sorrow. We are all brothers in sorrow, all Americans. This calamity has served to melt, as it were, the nation into a more perfect and compact mass, and thus William McKinley, in the tragic death that he suffered, has done more to unite the nation and to lift it onto a higher plane than all that he did in his life, however great that work may be adjudged in history.

The lesson, then, that I believe that we should learn from this calamity is this: we must learn to have a higher

regard for the sanctity of human life. In one of the sermons preached in this city last Sunday, I heard that there had been more than 3,100 lynchings in the United States for which no one was punished. To our shame, we must admit that we are the only nation upon the earth that burns people at the stake. We must abandon this policy of hate and murder. It is useless for you and me, as individuals, to say that we do not participate in it. We must share the guilt and shame, because we belong to the nation that does it. If we were in one of the foreign countries to-day, we would not attempt to deny our nationality, and we should have to admit the shame that attaches to this latest crime. We must make all human life safe. The life of the tiniest baby must be made as safe as the life of the greatest man. This is our only hope, and surely it is a mission well worth working for; and I

hope that the effect of this Memorial Day service will leave an impression upon the minds of the children that they will transmit to their children and to their children's children, that the one mission of every patriotic American is to hold aloft the sanctity of human life; when that is realized, love and liberty will have attained its perfect work.

I know of nothing better to close this letter with than my little "Freedom Day" song:

FREEDOM DAY.

TUNE—OLD WELSH AIR.

Haste, oh haste, delightful morning
Of that glorious freedom day,
When from earth's remotest border
Tyranny has passed away.

REFRAIN.

Ever growing,
Swiftly flowing,
Like a mighty river,
Sweeping on from shore to shore.
Love will rule the wide world o'er.

When we shall for service render
 Service of an equal worth,
 Then will all mankind be brothers,
 Heav'n will then have come to earth.

REFRAIN.

In that day there'll be no master,
 No man then will serve as slave;
 All mankind a band of brothers,
 Friends--the name that all will have.

REFRAIN.

Cruel war will then be over,
 And the olive branch of peace
 Will, from shame of hate and murder,
 Bring to all a sweet release.

REFRAIN.

Haste, oh haste, delightful morning
 Of that glorious freedom day,
 When from earth's remotest border
 Tyranny has passed away.

REFRAIN.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., September 18, 1901.

LETTER NO. 9.

DEATH OF A FELLOW-WORK-
MAN.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

Faithful friends, it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead,"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In our last letter we wrote of the sad death of the President of the nation and the lessons that were suggested by that tragic event; to-day we are called upon to mourn the death of a humble worker, and I think we should bear in mind that although only a small circle of friends will know any-

thing of the passing out of this life, yet in the sight of God I suppose it must be true that every life is of equal importance. It must be so, or else God is not the Father of all, not our heavenly Father, and we know that that truth is universally conceded; and when we admit that, then we acknowledge the idea of unity, of oneness; that is, that we are all a part of one great whole. The poet Pope has expressed this thought in well-chosen words:

“For we are all but parts of one great Whole,
Whose body nature is and God the Soul.

For the first time during this year, death has invaded the little company of workers at The Acme Sucker Rod shops. Edward Schlagheck, a bright young man of nineteen years, who was sound and well and at his work a little more than a week ago, has now gone hence. This event is a striking illustration of the old truth that “Death

is no respecter of persons." A young man, apparently well and sound and much needed to provide for his parents, is stricken and dies, while all around we see the wrecks of humanity that, according to our short-sighted view, might be much better spared than this one, and how often such deaths come.

The duty nearest each one of us, it seems to me, is to ask, and do our best, to learn, the lesson that these mysterious events have for us individually. Death is a natural event sure to come to each and to all sooner or later. Certain teachers tell us that we should prepare for death. To my mind, this is wrong teaching. If we prepare to live—that is, if we live our best every day and every hour, we shall be sure of three things; we shall be sure of having made the most of life, sure of having had the best kind of a time, and sure to be ready to go hence when

the silent messenger shall come—not like one who is taken unawares and who is overwhelmed with the suddenness of the summons, but living right every day we shall meet death as the poet Bryant so beautifully said:

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about
him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

There is another thought of death that ought to be a help to all of us. The good influence of this young man's life will remain with us and with those who knew and loved him, and in the best sense he is not dead—indeed, he may not be very far from us even now. The unseen world about us is filled with wonders that we know nothing of, and may it not be true that if our ears were turned to a finer spiritual pitch, we might hear him saying those beautiful words that Edwin Arnold has given us.

As loving friends and fellow-workers, let us each do our best to extend a helpful sympathy to the afflicted parents and relatives of this dear boy; in doing so, we shall have the recompense of feeling that we are doing a little to lighten the burden of the world's care.

A SPECIAL EFFORT FOR CHARITY.

On next Friday afternoon, October 11, at the Fair Grounds, Mr. George H. Ketcham will tender a free exhibition heat of his wonderful and world-renowned horse, Cresceus, for the benefit of Toledo charities. The Committee having the matter in charge, placed the price of admission at twenty-five cents, and all the money received, excepting a small sum necessary to cover the expense of advertising, etc., will be distributed among Toledo charities according to the number of tickets that each has sold.

In place of the second picnic that we talked of earlier in the season, The Acme Sucker Rod Company will have a half-holiday with pay on Friday afternoon, October 11. Furthermore, all the workers will be provided with tickets of admission, these tickets having been purchased in equal amounts from ten different charitable organizations.

I believe that this movement will finally result in great good for the people of Toledo; it will help hasten the day when, through the administration of *justice*, there will be no need for what we now call charity, and I hope that as many as can do so will, with their families and friends, take the afternoon to participate in the affair. It does us good to get together. It does us good to rub up against our neighbors and find out what a big place and what a real good place the world that we live in really is. Es-

pecially let us make this an occasion of good-fellowship and good cheer, and each one contribute his mite to drive out of the world all thought of evil and hatred, and let love, which is the better and holier name for charity, have her perfect work.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., October 5, 1901.

LETTER NO. 10.

AN ELECTION LETTER.

“The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism.”

—WASHINGTON’S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

“Party system, being once established, the spirit of partisanship entering therein distorts wrong into right and right into wrong and mixes right with wrong into endless confusion. * * * Whatever the excuses which are made for the existence of this political party system and the necessity in being to support the same, none have the shadow of justice to rest upon, but all are conceived in sheer desperation begotten of a want of a knowledge of a better way.”

—RICHARD W. BOEDDINGHAUS.

DEAR FRIENDS:

We have just passed another election. This one was more quiet than our presidential election, still in some particulars it does not differ from the general elections that occur once in four years. The more I study into

the question of life and its meaning, the more fully I am convinced that the elections are really of little consequence to the great mass of the people. The newspapers make much ado over them, and we are just now reading in flaming headlines of the triumph of one party over another party, and we are told that the institutions of the country are safe, and a lot of other nonsense, and this nonsense is repeated after every election by one party or the other, no matter which may be successful.

As a matter of fact, though, we know that it makes little difference—probably none at all—to the great masses which party succeeds. We know that no party is for the destruction of anything that is good. We know that the main question all of the time, now, always has been and always will be, while the party system remains, is merely the question of who shall get

the offices. Nobody is foolish enough to believe that there is any party so righteous as to be stimulated with a desire to get hold of the machinery of government for the purpose of running it in the interest of the working people.

The great truth that has been revealed to me, and that I desire to turn the light on as far as I possibly can, is that it makes no difference to you who get the offices, and I rejoice to say that thoughtful men and women of the country give evidence that they understand this fact, and that they know that the only way to get good government is through the slow process of getting good people, getting a society of men and women who are willing to work together for the good of all, and who are above striving for mere personal gain, whether of office-holding or anything else. I believe this to be a profound truth, and I

believe there is no hope of improvement in our political condition while the fraud of the party system remains among us.

The most conclusive evidence of the fraud of the party system, and, indeed, the whole idea of separating people, I find in a recent speech made by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in renominating Governor Crane. The venerable old man said:

“You and I are Republicans. You and I are men of the North. Most of us are Protestants in religion. We are men of native birth. Yet, if every Republican were to-day to fall in his place, as William McKinley has fallen, I believe our countrymen of the other party, in spite of what we deem their errors, would take the republic and bear on the flag to liberty and glory. I believe if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke, that our brethren of the Catholic faith

would still carry on the republic in the spirit of a true and liberal freedom. I believe if every man of native birth within our borders were to die this day, the men of foreign birth, who have come here to seek homes and liberty under the shadow of the republic, would carry on the republic in God's appointed way. I believe if every man of the North were to die, the new and chastened South, with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning, of love of home and love of state and love of freedom, with its courage and its constancy, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its lofty destiny. The anarchist must slay 75,000,000 Americans before he can slay the republic."

This statement, coming from Senator Hoar, is to my mind convincing and conclusive argument against the party system; and how he can announce that he is a party man, in the

face of his expressed beliefs, passes my understanding. Evidently he has a broader view of life than can be compassed by any party idea. He sees himself as a part of the whole; he knows that he belongs to the universal; he confesses that the republic would be carried forward just as well by Democrats as by Republicans; by Southerners as by Northerners; by Catholics as by Protestants; by men of foreign birth as by men of native birth; and when a man once stands on this broad ground, he cannot long remain in anything so small as a party. Indeed, the encouraging sign of the times in the political sky is the sign of the breaking down of this awful delusion of party, of this devil-born system that only hopes to survive through fanning the fires of hatred in men's bosoms.

Senator Hoar has since this speech given further evidence that he is big-

ger and broader than any party. He recently declined to eulogize President McKinley, urging that some one who was in sympathy with President McKinley's policies should be chosen; saying that while he believes President McKinley was true to his duty as God gave him to see it, yet he (Senator Hoar) was opposed to his policy in the Philippines, and time and more experience had only served to confirm him in the conviction that the administration was wrong in the work it had done and is still doing in these islands.

What I like about that is Senator Hoar's candor. He does not let the fact that President McKinley has been made the victim of a brutal murder deter him from speaking the truth.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., November 8, 1901.

LETTER NO. II.

THE SLAVERY OF THE WAGES
SYSTEM.

As long as Trade takes "What can I get?" for its axiom, anxiety and misery will characterise all its work—as they do to-day.

—EDWARD CARPENTER.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Most of us have, from time to time, read of, and heard public speakers talk about, the slavery of the wages system. Few of us give little, if any, thought to what is meant by these words, and if we do, we often dismiss the subject with the conclusion that the person who uses such language is a "crank." Nevertheless, it is true that the present system of relation among men and women whereby some

work for or serve others for hire is a system of modified slavery, the degree of slavery varying somewhat according to the master or mistress, just as in chattel slavery there were "good," "kind," "cruel" and "hard" masters. It is true that there is an important difference between "chattel" and "wages" slavery, and it is encouraging to know that the difference is in favor of the latter form. Under the present system, a man cannot be arbitrarily held to serve an employer whom he does not like; he is at liberty to leave at will and seek other employment, and this is true even though in leaving he often takes the chances of faring worse or even of incurring a slight risk of partial starvation.

POWER OVER MEN THE EVIL.

The most conspicuous evil of the present system is found in the fact that it gives some men arbitrary power

over others, and this sort of power of one man over his fellow-men is, in reality, tyranny, no matter by what other name it may be called; and because it is tyranny, it is damaging alike to the ruler and the ruled. Why? Simply because any system of "bossism" is a violation of the idea of harmony. Nobody expects to find a "boss" in heaven; the more bosses there are the less like heaven, and we only need to multiply the number of bosses to transform any heaven into a hell.

THE BOOK OF RULES,

meaning a more or less elaborate system of rules designed to govern the action of men under all sorts of circumstances, is one of the devices resorted to in large establishments where many men are employed, and it is sought to enforce these rules by prescribing penalties; at the tail-end of a

great many there is a threat of dismissal.

It is clear that certain uniform rules are necessary for the orderly conduct of any business, but I very much doubt whether there is any real gain in the end that comes to any business because of the adoption of certain arbitrary rules that deny the fundamental principle of the equality of all men, and I have talked and written enough about equality that I do not need to stop and explain it here. Let me say, though, that because I believe in equality, believe that you spring from the same divine source that I do—because of that, I believe that the natural impulse for you and for all men is to desire to do the right thing because it is right. Therefore, we have been trying to direct the business of The Acme Sucker Rod Company from that standpoint.

We assume that the men who do

the work *want to do right because it is right*; we assume that the men who buy the goods want to use us right and want to pay for them promptly for the same reason, because that is the natural or the divine impulse planted in every human soul.

Now, the existence of a "boss," a "spy," a "watcher," or a set of rules that are clearly made to tell men things that they already know—the existence of any of these indicates a want of faith, indicates that the person who made them does not believe in the good intentions of his fellow-men; and this want of faith in each other is one of the evils that lead to nearly all of the distress that there is in the world to-day. The extent to which this suspicion carries some managers is appalling. In one large shop that I know of, a man is employed to keep a record of the time the men take in the toilet-room, and this seems to me to

be the limit of impudent unbelief. But unbelief begets unbelief, just as hate begets hate, and, while this company has a very elaborate system of written rules, it is well-known that the men have an unwritten law that is more effective than the written rules of the company, and that unwritten law is that every man shall do as little and shall let his machine do as little as he possibly can, instead of as much as it can during the working hours; indeed, this unwritten law prevails in many of the large shops and large institutions where men are employed on the day-labor plan to-day. The common way of defeating this law has been to resort to the piece-price plan whereby the employers would pick out one of the most rapid or most skilled men and gauge the price per piece to be paid for the article according to the number that this extraordinary man could turn out in a day, the

result, of course, being that it was impossible for an ordinary man to make decent wages.

NOT BETTER THAN OTHER MEN.

The management of The Acme Sucker Rod shops has never laid claim to any kind of goodness that is not common to all men; on the contrary, we appeal entirely to your good intentions, and it is a pleasure to testify that a very large majority of the men respond to this appeal by doing their best to get out the largest possible amount that their machines will produce during the eight working hours. If there is one in the shop who "shirks," that one knows it, and so do all the rest. That is enough.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., November 16, 1901.

LETTER NO. 12.

THANKSGIVING LETTER.

Wish you'd seed dat colo'ed preachah cleah his throat
an' bow his head;
One eye shet, an' one eye open—dis is evah wud he
said:
“Lawd, look down in tendah mussy on such generous
hea'ts ez dese;
Make us truly thankful, amen. Pass dat possum, ef
you pleze!”

—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Proclamations from the President and the governors of states, the turkeys roosting higher in the trees, “the frost on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock,” the chilly nights and the gray days of November—all serve to remind us that Thanksgiving is approaching. I was glad to see in President Roosevelt's proclamation the very sensible suggestion that “we can best

prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which on this earth and at this time each of us does his duty to his fellow-men." I believe that is a mighty good suggestion, and I hope the people of the United States will take the hint. I know they will be the happier if they do. I propose to do so to the extent of my ability.

While there is some superstition mixed with this Thanksgiving idea, on the whole, I think it is a good thing, for it helps us to think and to reflect that if we have nothing to be thankful for, it is our own fault. We read in the Bible that "In God we live and move and have our being;" that is, we are surrounded by good; we may have just as much of it as we can absorb, as much as we can soak in, you might say. If we have not learned this truth, let us not think that it makes any difference with the truth; it is there just

the same, and some day we shall understand it.

I find that I have a whole lot to be thankful for without any reference to property or the mean thought of money-making. In the first place, I am thankful that I am alive; that I know I am living in a beautiful world; that I know I may help to make it more beautiful; that I enjoy the love of my fellows and love them in return; that I do not measure their love for me by the presents that they give me, and that they do not measure my love for them by my gifts. If I only loved those to whom I give gifts, and only those loved me who made presents to me, my circle of friends would be small indeed. So on this Thanksgiving Day I am particularly thankful that "I know what it is to be loved by strangers," and I know what it is to love millions of men and women whom I have never seen and never shall see.

Likewise, I am thankful that I do not hate a single human being; that I have learned that if I hate a person, that person will hate me in return. I am thankful that I have grown out of the stupidity that I once was in, and have learned that it is possible to so live that none will hate me—learned, indeed, that all I need to do to be sure of that result is to be absolutely certain that I do not hate anybody.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

There is no one blessing that has come to me during the past year that I am so thankful for as I am for having learned to cure myself of the asthma after having been a victim of it for six or seven years, and for the far more important knowledge that came with it, that is, that I need not have asthma, or rheumatism, or neuralgia, or catarrh, or br^onchitis, or, in fact, any of the diseases that afflict humanity, if I am

willing to use the forces that God has planted within me and within every human being to keep well, and all of this without the use of a plaster, a pill, a powder or a drop of medicine of any kind. Indeed, when I look back less than six months and reflect that I was in such a desperate state that I could not ride two blocks behind a horse or run one block without inciting an attack of asthma, and that I had not missed a night for seven months that I did not have to get up from one to three times to take some remedy for asthma, and then think of myself to-day as a well man, I feel that, indeed, I have profound reason to be thankful.

I am thankful, too, that I know this is the result of *knowledge*, of knowing and doing, and having wrought this marvelous result simply by practicing a little physical culture and taking a cold bath every morning, I can well believe that "It doth not yet appear

what we shall be;" but I know that still more wonderful blessings await me because I am holding myself open and striving to be ready to receive and accept any new truth that may come to me.

I am thankful, too, that I know I am well because I am free. Had I been bound to some superstition, believed implicitly in doctors or medicine or some particular kind of religion, I might have rejected physical culture. So you see it is worth much to be a free man. I am thankful that I am willing to try any truth; I have learned that there is nothing to fear by so doing. Time was when I was unwilling to try truth for *myself*. I grew up in the belief that I must accept as final what was told me by my parents, or my teachers, or the minister, or the judges, or the lawyers, or the doctors, and it was only through experience that brought me great suffering and

sorrow that I gained freedom from this sort of slavery and learned the full meaning of the words of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He also said that we might know truth by trying it, and there is no other way. You cannot *know* truth because I say it; each soul must experience for itself. For that reason I accept nothing on authority. I try the truth for myself, and if it is not truth, it will insult my soul (for the soul hates a lie), and the soul will reject and dismiss it. I am thankful that all this is *truth* for me.

So, I am thankful for good health, but it did not come to me by simply wishing for it or praying for it. It came as a result of conscious effort of both mind and body, a determination and willingness to do the work necessary to secure the prize. Some one has said that "We will be what we will to

be." This Thanksgiving Day I am thankful that I know what this means, and I am thankful for the light that I have, by the aid of which I may be a help to others. I am thankful that I have faith to believe the world is yet to know a race of human beings who will be free from disease, free from hate and free from worry. When we are all beautifully well, there is little danger that there will be much fighting among us.

I am thankful for the progress that we have made in developing a more perfect fellowship among the little company composing The Acme Sucker Rod workers. There is yet room for improvement, and we are going to improve. These are a few of the things that I am thankful for.

As usual, the shops will be closed on Thanksgiving Day. Wishing for

you all a pleasant day with your families and friends, I am

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., November 23, 1901.

LETTER NO. 13.

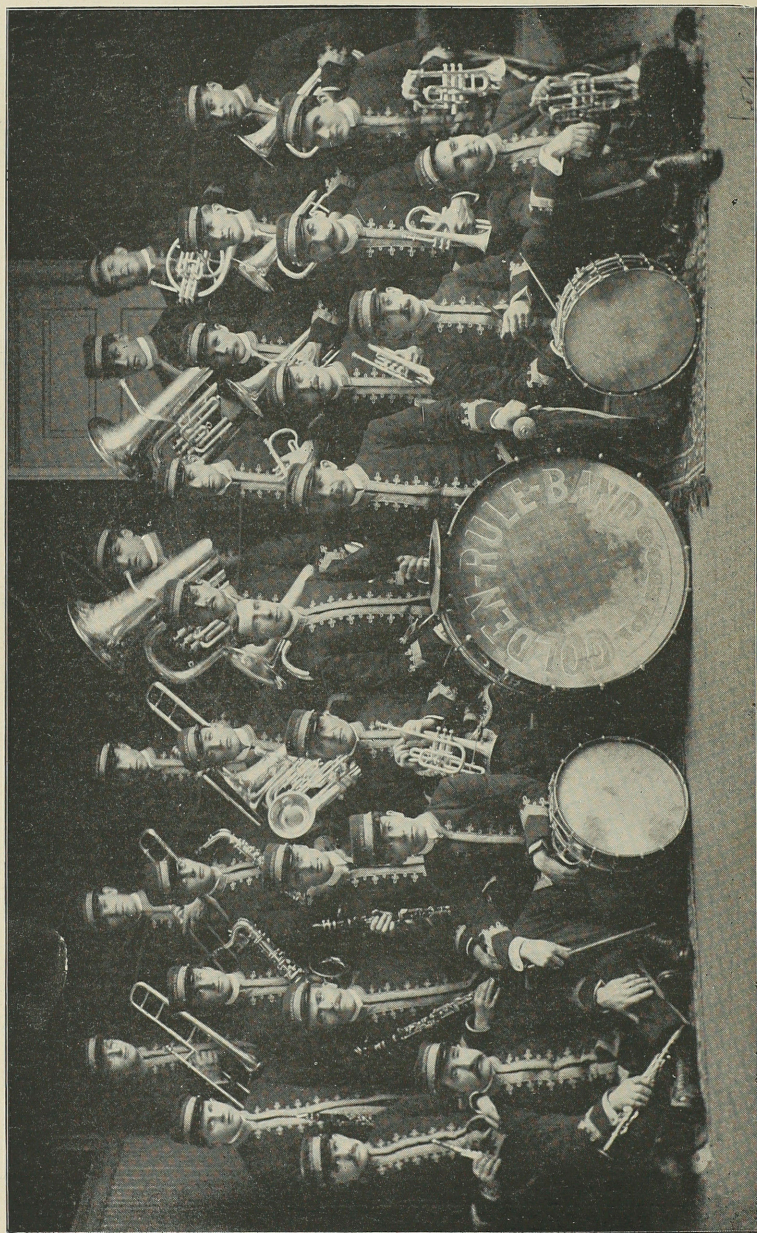
GOLDEN RULE BAND.

The symphony is a universal and unanimous concert—a concert in which things themselves seem to take part, as wood and metal burst into sound that they may unite the music of nature with the music of humanity.

—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.
(TRANSLATION OF HELEN ORR.)

DEAR FRIENDS :

This little book of letters would hardly be complete without a record that during the past year Golden Rule Band has become an organized fact among us. The main part of the expense of equipping this band with instruments and uniforms—which, by the way, are the best—has been borne from the profits which are the recognized property of The Acme Sucker Rod Company, though, as I have often said, it is the product of our common toil. We believe that in the absence



THE GOLDEN RULE BAND--30 PIECES.

ORGANIZED JANUARY, 1901.

COMPOSED OF WORKING-MEN OF THE ACME SUCKER ROD CO.

of a better method of distribution, money expended in behalf of the Golden Rule Band has been well spent.

In a certain sense, the band has served to develop fellowship and awaken the social instinct among us. We all feel that it is *our* band. It is not, and ought never to be referred to as The Acme Sucker Rod Company's Band. The Acme Sucker Rod Company has no part, or lot, or say with respect to the management of this organization. It is true, we are always willing to co-operate, to help, if we can, but never willing to boss. The management of the band has been entirely in the hands of the band members, and I do not hesitate to say that they are much better by reason of the experience, to say nothing of the larger life that the knowledge of music they have acquired opens out before them. The management of the organization has

not always been easy nor smooth. There have been obstacles to overcome, difficulties to meet, rough places to smooth down, but the doing of all this is valuable to those who participate in it. The men who have sacrificed for the good of the organization, those who have suppressed their desires in order that others might be led through letting them have their own way—all such little trials, though sometimes perplexing and hard to bear, have been valuable to the members of the band, both as members in the band and as members of society.

It is the universal testimony of all who have heard the music of the band that their progress has been highly satisfactory, considering the time they have been practicing. Music is spoken of as “the divine art,” and I suppose one reason why it is so called is because we all can see that perfection can never be attained in it; that is, you

can never hope to play so well or sing so well but that by diligent study and practice you may hope to improve.

But perhaps the most valuable part of the experience in the band is the lessons of harmony that come to those who strive to work together. We soon learn that it is just as necessary to have our tempers and our spirits in tune as it is to have the instruments in tune. Harmony is heaven; discord, or the lack of harmony, is hell. In his last and greatest speech, President McKinley said: "Our interests are in concord, not in discord;" and this is as true of individuals as it is of bands and cities and states and nations. All misery, want, woe and war in the world to-day are due to the discord or inharmony that yet shows itself in society. Through the study of music, this inharmony is to disappear. The wild beast in us will be tamed; we shall cease to fight or to

want to fight; we shall cease to think of ourselves as being better or worse than our fellow-men, and as the idea of harmony takes possession of us, we shall come to think of ourselves simply as members of one great Golden Rule Band that takes in the last and least soul on the earth. Why can't we give up fighting? After the fight is over, we have to settle the difficulty; let us learn to settle it first. I think if our lawyers would take Mr. Dooley's advice and "try the case in the Supreme Court first," it would save a lot of trouble.

THE DEMOCRACY OF MUSIC.

In any first-class orchestra or chorus—first-class, mind you—each part is considered as important as any other part. The master, leader or director looks upon the organization as a whole, and his sensitive soul is equally distressed by any failure, whether it be on the part of the bass-drum or the

leading cornet. In a fine band or great orchestra, we have a beautiful illustration of the society that the world is yet to know when we shall all have learned to work together for the common good. Indeed, it would be just as reasonable to have the members of a band undertake to separate themselves, this one and that one and the other one declare that he would have nothing to do with some other one, that he was going to "go it alone,"—it would be as reasonable, I say, for them to try to teach this and yet have a perfect organization as it is for us to try to separate ourselves as members of society; therefore, anything that tends to separate us in our daily lives is against our best interests. It would not matter what the motive was that should impel each member of a band to pull out for himself, the result would be the same—discord, disaster and failure. So we can know

nothing but failure in the world until we learn to overcome our differences. Let us ever remember that anything that seems to separate us from our fellow-men is something that we ought to overcome, no matter what that thing may be. We may call it "religion," or "politics," or "patriotism," or "education," or "good manners," or "refinement"—no matter what we call it, if it gives us a feeling of separateness or *apartness* from the rest of humanity; if it leads us to feeling like thanking God that we are not like other men, it is not from God or of good; it is of the devil and will hinder and curse our lives until we outgrow or overcome it. Let us avoid anything that separates, and cherish everything that unites us to all humanity.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For the Acme Sucker Rod Co.
Toledo, O., December 7, 1901.

LETTER NO. 14.

SOCIAL BETTERMENTS.

The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit. * * * Men in all ways are better than they seem. They like flattery for the moment, but they know the truth for their own. It is a foolish cowardice which keeps us from trusting them, and speaking to them rude truth.

—EMERSON.

DEAR FRIENDS :

During the past few years we have heard from time to time a good deal about "social betterments" that are undertaken by various employers in different parts of the country. There is no doubt but that much good has resulted from these efforts. Already it can be seen that the relation between employed and employer is not so strained and unnatural as in times past. The aristocratic idea, the rule of the few, is gradually crumbling to dust

before the onward march of democracy; democracy, the rule of the many for the good of all, will prevail. It is the decree of Almighty God.

In another place I have already spoken of some things that have been done, looking to improved social conditions about our place, the two most important things done this year being the organization of Golden Rule Band and the opening of the dining-hall. With the band, I think, we should all feel highly satisfied. I believe it is worth all it has cost, and a good margin for profit besides—and, by the way, why may not the carrying on of a little conservatory of music be made a legitimate part of an industry like ours, or any factory or mill? If some men prefer to gather up a lot of profit out of one set of fellow-men first, in order that they may turn around and build a conservatory of music, a college or a library for the benefit of another set of

fellow-men, we will not criticize their way; but I submit that it is possible that to inaugurate a plan of having a conservatory of music, or a college, or a school of art in each factory, or mill, or shop may be an improvement on the other way. I believe it is. Nothing can be more certain than that one of the problems now confronting the world is the one of making the work of the world interesting and worth doing.

A man, created in the divine image, has a right to feel that he is something more than a mere cog in a wheel, and if his work is of a kind that can be done by a cog, nothing is more certain than that a few generations of such experience will degrade this being until there is not a semblance of the divine image left in him, degrade him into something less than a man. It is inspiring to know that such a calamity will be averted by the introduction of

art into industry, by making all work beautiful and interesting. Shorter hours of labor, pleasant, attractive, even artistic surroundings, an extension of the principle of common ownership, frequent holidays, providing opportunity for men to try their hands at various kinds of work instead of keeping them "glued to a single spot"—all these and many other things will tend to make work a pleasure and joy indeed, and it will no longer be spoken of as "the curse of labor."

It is interesting to look at the successive steps that mark our growth during the past few years :

1. Eight hours for a day's work instead of ten.
2. Two dollars as a minimum rate of pay for eight hours instead of one dollar and a half for ten.
3. A week's vacation with regular pay to all connected with the institution.

4. No bosses; every man his own boss.

5. No timekeeper; every man his own timekeeper.

6. No list of "rules;" just the Golden Rule—that's all.

7. The Golden Rule Park and Playground.

8. The pleasant Sunday afternoon meetings and concerts.

9. The delightful picnics; two half-holidays, with pay, for this purpose during the year.

10. Our little co-operative benefit insurance—a real religious thing.

11. The Golden Rule Band.

12. The Golden Rule Dinner.

Then there is Golden Rule Hall with its Club and Social meetings, perhaps the best of all the biweekly mothers' meetings; these, however, are held at Golden Rule House.

What a lot of fellowship, good cheer, and brotherly love we have all gotten

out of these efforts, and there is not a bit of charity about it either. We do not claim to *give* our working-men anything in the way of charity or presents. What we have done has been simply an effort to deal justly. Of course, we give love freely, only to find that we get it more freely in return.

The following is a statement of the expenses of the Golden Rule dinner from July 1 to December 1—22 weeks:

Total expense for labor of cook and helpers,	\$484.88
Provisions, - - - -	594.91
Number of meals served, - - -	5,088
Cost per meal:	
Labor, - - - -	\$0.09.53
Provisions, - - - -	.11.70
Total cost per meal, - - -	<u>\$0.21.23</u>

As the price that each individual pays for a meal is but fifteen cents, this leaves a deficit of a fraction over six cents for each meal. This sum is charged to the general expense of carrying on the business. In the aggregate, it amounts to about \$60.00

per month, and it is our belief that it is well invested.

The investment, at present, for equipping with instruments and uniforms and teaching Golden Rule Band amounts to nearly \$1,500. This will be reduced considerably by what the members are voluntarily paying back to the company, and in time this will probably reduce the company's investment one-half.

The total expense for interest and care of Golden Rule Park and Playground amounts to about \$500.00 per annum.

The private kindergarten is no longer carried on, the public schools having undertaken that work.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For the Acme Sucker Rod Co.
Toledo, O., December 14, 1901.

LETTER NO. 15.

CHRISTMAS LETTER.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Lift up yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so divinely precious that it is worthy of being an offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been born anew into His divinity, as He was born into our humanity on Christmas Day.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

DEAR FRIENDS :

The "peace on earth and good will toward men" that was proclaimed in the angelic song of 1900 years ago is not a time in the dim and distant future that we are to long and hope and pray and wait for, but it is a condition of mind that comes to each individual soul just as soon as that soul learns to be true to the Higher Self, true to the voice of

conscience. The peace is something *you* can possess here and now; you have only to learn the lesson of life. My meaning will be made clearer when I say that I am addressing Jones as much—perhaps more than I am addressing anybody else. My very intimate acquaintance with Jones leads me to say that he has not yet come into that realization of “peace on earth and good will toward men” that is his privilege and the privilege of all who listen to and obey the promptings of the voice within.

This thought makes the Christmas idea much more attractive than the old view of it, and the thought is born of the struggle, of the effort to get into harmony with truth that surrounds me on all sides. There can be no other way in which we can have, as I said before, Christmas for all of the people all of the time except as through the slow processes of

growth we learn to be at peace with all the world.

This is the theory. The practical application of it is, you must live the Christ spirit; you must refuse to fight; you must refuse to kill; you must reject force; you must deny that, under any condition, a big man has a right to force a little man or a child; you must stand for love as the only arbiter of right, and you must stand for it at any cost. To be a Christian, you must be a Christ, and like the Christ, be ready to stand and live and die for truth. Jesus would not fight, and when the hour of trial came, His fighting disciples "all forsook Him and fled;" but He stood. He was arrested, tried, convicted, condemned—according to law, too—and was nailed to the cross; and His death is of no consequence to *you* except as you learn from it the lesson of devotion to what your own soul tells you is truth, and thereby

learn to be a Christ, ready to live the life of love and die for truth.

Remember, all this preaching is to Jones; no one else need believe it, or give it a thought, or try to live it. No one else will, except as it comes to him as truth.

The meaning of this is then that you can have the knowledge of this "peace on earth and good will toward men" just as soon as you adopt the Golden Rule, the rule of doing to others as you would have others do to you, as the rule that shall govern and guide your life. When I follow the command of Jesus and love my enemies, immediately they cease to be my enemies, and the reason that we have so much of good cheer and the spirit of fellowship and brotherly love about the Christmas time is because "good will toward men" fills the very air.

"Ah," but says some socialist friend, "how can I love a man who has his

hand in my pocket robbing me, while my children are hungry?" You can love such a one only by looking upon him as a part of yourself, and by the further knowledge that if he is robbing you, he is injuring himself more than he is injuring you. "Ah," but you say, "that is all very fine, but my children are hungry." I know there are hungry bodies on this Christmas Day—many thousands of them—but I know also that there is a hunger of soul far more distressing and more far-reaching and infinitely more dreadful than any hunger of body, and very often those who have most of this world's goods are starving for the bread of life, starving for fellowship; for, as William Morris says in "A Dream of John Ball," "Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven and the lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life and the lack of fellowship is death."

No doubt, this sort of talk will be but lightly regarded by some of our friends of the "practical business" world, but something says to me, "Jones, tell the truth as *you* see it," and the one truth upon which the whole universe hangs is the truth of brotherhood, the truth of unity, of oneness. Knowing this truth leads me to see how "peace on earth and good will toward men" is possible, and that without it, it is impossible. It says to me, "you only need to live this ideal state," and to the next man, "you live it," and to the next man, "you live it," and so on until the last man on the round globe is reached.

"For the All is One and all are part,
And not apart, as they seem to be;
And the blood of life has a single heart,
Beating through God and clod and me."

The hope of the realization of the blissful social state suggested by the angelic song then lies in the faith that

we have in the goodness at the heart of humanity, in the hope that the awakened social conscience will bring mankind to see itself as one great Whole; and the moment that the soul catches the beatific vision, that moment that soul is in harmony with the universe, and all of its energies are put forth to bring others to the glorious liberty into which it has entered.

If all this is truth, you will see that fighting and killing have no legitimate place in bringing about the ideal social state. Personally, I have no hope that men can ever be made to deal justly with their fellow-men because somebody has "passed a law"; on the other hand, I can see that nothing will tempt a man to deal unjustly with his fellow-men after his eyes have once been opened to the truth of brotherhood; for when he sees all men as a part of himself and himself as a part of the Whole, it will be clear to the mind of

a child that he cannot injure them without doing injury to himself; likewise, he cannot benefit himself without benefitting all mankind.

WORKING TOWARD AN IDEAL.

The world is better to-day, and the truth that all men are brothers, and all mankind a brotherhood, is better understood and practiced in daily life by more people than on any other Christmas morning since Christ was born. In his last and greatest speech President McKinley said, "God and man have made the nations one." In his first message to Congress a few days ago President Roosevelt said: "When all is said and done, the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to succeed in the kind of national life for which we strive." This is probably the first acknowledgment that ever found its way into a president's message, that in brother-

hood we find the only scientific basis upon which we can hope to adjust our social and political relations.

I am not unmindful of the seeming contradiction of these claims that is found in the fact that we are prosecuting a war against a weaker people, and that England is carrying on one of the most horrible wars of history against the Boers, and my heart is grieved to the core as I contemplate what seems a wanton waste of human life that is being carried on by both these governments; but in speaking of it all, I am optimistic. I am hopeful to the last degree, for I can see that just as soon as the people awaken to the idea of oneness and unity, of brotherhood, the common soldiers will throw down their guns and refusing to fight, will fall into each other's arms and laugh at their masters, and thus all war will end just as soon as the common working-men determine

that they will not kill each other. This is the promise that the Christmas bells annually renew in our ears—"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

A NEW DEPARTURE.

For the past five or six years, it has been our custom to distribute, in addition to usual wages, five per cent. in cash among the workmen, the division being made in proportion to the amount of wages paid to each. This year we adopt another plan. We find that the sum total paid as wages during the year has been....., five per cent. of this sum is.....; this we have divided by the number of men employed during the whole year, and to each of these we hand herewith a certificate of credit for the above amount, which is credited to you as a partial payment on one share of the stock of The Acme Sucker Rod Company, the

par value of such share being one hundred dollars. This certificate is not negotiable, that is, it is of no value to any person as a claim on the stock except to the person to whom it is issued; but if such a one does not desire the stock, he may exchange the certificate for cash on application at the office. All who desire to make an effort to become shareholders, who retain the certificate of credit, will have the earnings of the stock placed to their credit, as well as any other payments that they desire to make upon the stock. As soon as the share is paid for at its par value of one hundred dollars, it will be issued, and when once issued becomes the property of the person to whom it is issued to do with as he likes.

This move opens the way for the working-men of this company to become the owners of nearly one-tenth of its capital stock at once, if they so

desire. It follows, as a matter of course, that if the plan works well, if more hearty co-operation, more earnest work, more devoted and faithful service, more harmony and happiness, are the result of this attempt to extend the ownership of the concern to the working-men, the experiment, or some modification of it, is likely to be continued in future years.

With assurances of all loving goodwill, I wish for you and for yours and for all, that this Christmas season may mark the beginning of a new era of larger love and greater usefulness and happiness.

Very faithfully yours,

SAMUEL M. JONES,

For The Acme Sucker Rod Co.

Toledo, O., December 25, 1901.

[Gift of Gerald Jones and Susan Jones
Wascher, Sept. 26, 1975.]

